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THE
BEAUTIES³
OF
STOW:
OR, A
DESCRIPTION

Of the most Noble
HOUSE, GARDENS,
AND
Magnificent BUILDINGS therein,
Of the Right Hon. Earl TEMPLE,
Viscount and Baron COBHAM.
With curious Copper-Plates of a General Plan of
the whole Garden.

The THIRD EDITION, much improv'd ;

By GEORGE BICKHAM, Engraver.

L O N D O N.

Printed for and sold by G. Bickham in *May's Buildings, Covent-Garden* ; and at the *New-Inn*, going into the Gardens ; Price *One Shilling* without the Plan, with, *One Shilling and Six-pence* ; with the Views of all the Temples and Ornamental Buildings in the said Gardens, *Six Shillings*, Bound.

W

NOITPION

H. O. S. F. G. A. R. D. E. N. S.

With copies of the General Plan of
the whole Garden.

BY GEORGE B. CHAM, FRIESTVCT.

...the ... in ... Building, ... and ... into the ... without ... with ... the ... of ... the ... in the ...

A LIST of the P R I N T S,

Drawn in *Perspective* by

CHATELAINE and BICKHAM;

Which may be had bound up with the *Description*,
Price *Five Shillings*.

- 1 **A** *Plan of Earl Temple's House and Gardens*
- 2 *Pavillions at the Entrance*
- 3 *The Cold Bath*
- 4 *The Hermitage*
- 5 *An Artificial Piece of Rock Work*
- 6 *The Temple of Venus*
- 7 *An Egyptian Pyramid*
- 8 *Diana's Temple*
- 9 *Two Pavillions at the Entrance of the Park*
- 10 *St. Augustine's Cave*
- 11 *The Temple of Bacchus*
- 12 *Coucher's Obelisk*
- 13 *Nelson's Seat*
- 14 *South Front of the House*
- 15 *North Front ditto*
- 16 *The Obelisk in the Park*
- 17 *An Equestrian Statue of the King*
- 18 *Dido's Cave*
- 19 *The Rotunda*
- 20 *King George II.*
- 21 *Queen Caroline* } *on Columns.*
- 22 *The Sleeping Parlor*
- 23 *The Witch House*

24 *The*

iv.

- 24 *The Temple of modern Virtue*
- 25 *The Temple of antient Virtue*
- 26 *The Shell Bridge*
- 27 *Temple of British Worthies*
- 28 *Temple of Contemplation*
- 29 *The Grotto*
- 30 *The Grecian Temple*
- 31 *Capt. Grenville's Monument*
- 32 *The Ladies Temple*
- 33 *The Keeper's Lodge in the Park.*
- 34 *Lord Cobham's Monument*
- 35 *The Gothic Temple*
- 36 *The Palladium Bridge*
- 37 *The Imperial Closet*
- 38 *The Temple of Friendship*
- 39 *The Pebble Alcove*
- 40 *Congreve's Monument*





S T O W E,

A

P O E M.

TO Thee, late Master of the vocal String,
 O *Pope*, of *Stowe's* Elysian Scenes I sing:
 That *Stowe*, which better far thy Muse divine
 Commands to live ¹. in one distinguish'd Line.

¹ See Epistle to the Earl of Burlington.

B

Yet

Yet let not thy superior Skill disdain
 The friendly Gift of this *poetic Plan*.
 The same presiding Muse alike inspires
 The Planter's Spirit and the Poet's Fires;
 Alike, unless the Muse propitious smile,
 Vain is the Planter's, vain the Poet's Toil.
 All great, all perfect Works from Genius flow,
 The *British Iliad* hence, and hence the Groves of *Stowe*

1. To guardian *Phæbus* the first Strains belong,
 (And may th' auspicious Omen bless the Song)
 To *Phæbus*, and th' attendant Virgin Train,
 That o'er each Verse, each learned Science reign,
 And round embellishing the gay Parterre,
 Unite their sacred Influences here.

(1) Statues of *Appollo*, the Nine Muses, and the Liberal Arts and Sciences, placed round the Spring of *Helicon*,

Here

Here *Congreve*, welcome Guest, oft chear'd the Days,
With friendly Converse, or poetic Lays.

Here *Lyttleton* oft spreads his growing Wing,
Delighted in these Shades to rove and sing.

And thou, were *Thames* impels his Silver Flood,
Quitting the Care of thy own rising Wood,
Oft, as thy Breast, with pleasing Rapture glow'd,
Hast here, O *Pope*, avow'd th' inspiring God.

In a green Niche's over-arching Shrine,
Each tuneful Goddess shrouds her Form divine.
Beneath, in the wide Area's middle Space,
A jetting Fount its chrystal Flood displays.

In whose clear Face again reflected shine,
Pierian Phæbus, and the Virgin Nine.

Here too, for ever bloom 1. th' *Aonian* Bays,

Ordain'd the Meed of tuneful Poets Lays.

In seemly Order *They* on either Hand,

Alternate in the verdant Arches stand :

Alternate glitt'ring with the gilded Vase,

On either Hand the verdant Arches blaze.

Here, od'rous Flow'rs perfume the vital Gale,

2. And here *Hesperian* Oranges exhale.

Transported hence the Summer-hearth they grace,

And shine, collected in the *China* Vase ;

Or on the *Sundays* consecrated Morn',

Select in Nofegays the fair Breast adorn.

Lead thro' the 3. Circle, Virgins, lead me on,

. Where, guided by the still-revolving Sun,

1. Bay-Trees and gilt Vases, placed alternately in the Arches of the Archade. 2. The Orangerie. 3. Temple of an ient Virtue.

The faithful Dial counts the fleeting Hour,
 Lead to the Church's venerable Tower:
 Which like the life-producing Plant of Old,
 That flourish'd once in *Eden's* blessed Mould,
 In the mid-Garden placed, its sacred Head
 Uprears, embosom'd in aspiring Shade:
 And blest with Virtue, like that wond'rous Tree,
 Confers on Mortals Immortality.

Hence thro' the Windings of the mazy Wood
 Descending, lo! the *Octagon's* clear Flood,
 1. *Batavian* Poplars here in ranks ascend;
 Like some high Temple's arching Isles extend
 The taper Trunks, a living Colonade;
 Eternal Murmur animates the Shade.

1. The Abeal Walk.

Above

Above, 1. two *Doric* Edifices grace
 An elevated Platform's utmost Space;
 From whence, beyond the Lake that creeps below,
 Along yon beauteous Hill's green sloping Brow,
 The Garden's destin'd Bound'ries extend,
 Where *Cobham's* pleasing Toils, (tho' late) had end.
 Beneath the far-stretch'd Lake's capacious Bed,
 Receives the loud, precipitate Cascade;
 And tufted Groves along the verdant Side,
 Cast their deep Shadows o'er the silver Tide;
 The silver Tide (where yonder high-raised Mound
 Forms the wide-floating *Lake's* extremest Bound)
 In secret Channels thro' the swelling Hill,
 Gives Force and Motion to th' impulsive Wheel;
 Whose constant Whirl, the spouting Jets supplies,
 And bids aloft th' unwilling Waters rise.

Fair on the Brow, a spacious Building stands;
 Th' applauded Work of *Kent's* judicious Hands:
 The spreading Wings in arched Circles bend,
 And rustic Domes each arched Circle end.
 Thence back returning thro' the narrow Glade,
 See where th' 1 Temple of *Venus*, shows its Head!
 Within, close shelter'd from the peering Day,
 Satyrs and Fawns their wanton Frolics play:
 While sad *Malbecco* in the secret Cell,
 Hears each rude Monster 2. 'ring his Mattin's Bell.

Where yon high Firs display their darksome green,
 And mournful Yews compose a solemn Scene,
 Around thy Building, *Gibbs*, 3. a sacred Band
 Of Princes, Patriots, Bards, and Sages stand:

1. Painted on the Inside with the Story of *Malbecco*, out of *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, Book 3, Canto 10. 2. An Hemyctic of *Spencer*.

3. Alluding to the Inscription on the building.

Hic Manus, ob Patriam pugnando vulnera passi;

Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digno locuti;

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per Artes;

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo. (Virg. Lib. 6.)

Men,

Men, who by Merit purchas'd lasting Praise,
 Worthy each *British* Poet's noblest Lays:
 Or bold in Arms for Liberty they stood,
 And greatly perish'd for their Country's Good:
 Or nobly warm'd with more than mortal Fire,
 Equal'd to *Rome* and *Greece* the *British* Lyre;
 Or Human Life, by useful Arts refin'd,
 Acknowledg'd Benefactors of Mankind.

Thou first *Elizabeth*, 1. Imperial Maid,
 By freeborn Subjects, willingly obey'd;
 Foe to the Tyranny of *Spain* and *Rome*,
 Abroad respected, and belov'd at Home.
 Beneath the friendly Shelter of thy Throne,
 Each Art of Peace with useful Lustre shone.

2. The Monument of *British* Worthies.

Industrious

Industrious Commerce courted every Gale,
 And spread in distant Worlds, her fearless Sail.
 Encourag'd Science rear'd her laurel'd Head,
 And all the pleasing Train of Muses led.
 Lo! *Verulam* and *Shakespear* near Thee stand,
 Rais'd by thy Smiles, to grace this happy Land :
 Both dear to *Phæbus*, sacred both to Fame,
 With Princes here an equal Rank they claim ;
 This with the richest Stores of Learning fraught,
 That, by indulgent Nature only taught.
 All hail ! auspicious Queen, thy Praise shall live
 (If worth like thine Eternity can give)
 When no proud Bust th' Imperial Wreath shall bear,
 And Brass and Marble waste to Dust and Air.

O! that like Thee, succeeding Kings had strove,
 To build their Empire on their Peoples Love!
 That taught by thy Example they had known,
 That only Justice can support a Throne!
 Then had not *Britain* wanted *Hambden's* Hand,
 Weak and oppressive Councils to withstand:
 Nor had the Patriot on his native Plain,
 Dy'd for the Laws he struggled to maintain.
 Behold his Bust with Civic Honours grac'd,
 Nearest to thine, immortal *Nassau*, plac'd,
 To thine, great *William*, whose protecting Sword,
 That *Liberty*, for which *He* fell, restor'd.

Next *Locke*, who in defence of Conscience rose,
 And strove religious Rancour to compose:

Justly

Justly opposing every human Test,
Since God alone can judge who serves him best.

But what is he, in whom the heav'nly Mind
Shines forth distinguish'd and above Mankind:
This, this is *Newton*; *He*, who first survey'd
The Plan, by which the Universe was made:
Saw Nature's simple, yet stupendious Laws,
And prov'd th' Effects, tho' not explain'd the Cause.

Thou too, bold *Milton*, whose immortal Name,
Thy Country dares to match with *Homer's* Fame;
Whose tow'ring Genius vast and unconfin'd,
Left ev'n the Limits of the World behind;
Thro' Hell, thro' Chaos, and infernal Night,
Ascending to the Realms of purest Light;

Or e're on Earth, in *Eden's* happy Grove,
 With Peace, with Bliss conversing, and with Love:
 Here art thou plac'd, these blooming Shades among,
 Second to those alone, thy Muse has sung.

An antient Wood (upon whose topmost Bough,
 High-waving croaks the un-auspicious Crow)
 From hence its venerable Gloom extends,
 Where, rivalling its lofty height, ascends
 The pointed Pyramid: This too is thine,
 Lamented *Vanbrugh*! This thy last Design.
 Among 1. the various Structures that around,
 Form'd by thy Hand, adorn this happy Ground.
 This, sacred to thy Memory shall stand:
Cobham, and grateful Friendship so command.

1. Alluding to the Inscription, Inter Plurima Hortorum heruance
 Ædificia a Johanne Vanbrugh, Equite, designata hanc Pyramidem
 illius Memoriz sacrum esse voluit *Cobham*. *Ny/can*

Nysean Bacchus next the Muse demands;

To him, in yon high Grove, a 2: Temple stands;

Where *British* Oaks their antient Arms display,

Impervious to the Sun's unclouded Ray,

There, half conceal'd, it rears its rustic Head;

The painted Walls mysterious 3. Orgies spread.

A jolly Figure on the Cieling reels,

Whose every Nerve the potent Goblet feels:

His Vine-bound Brows bespeak him God of Wine,

The Cheeks, and swelling Paunch, O — are thine.

A cool Recess there is, not far away,

Sacred to Love, to Mirth, and rural Play.

Hither oftimes the youthful Fair resort,

To cheat the tedious Hours with various Sport.

2. The Temple of *Bacchus*, built by Sir J. Vanbrugh.

3. Rights and Revels of *Bacchus*.

Some mid the *Nine-pins* marshall'd Orders roll,
 With Aim unerring the impetuous *Bowl*.
 Others, whose Souls to loftier Objects move,
 Delight the *Swing's* advent'rous Joys to prove:
 While on each side the ready Lovers stand,
 The flying Cord obeys th' impulsive Hand.
 Pronubial *Juno* gave the mystic Sign,
 And *Venus* nodded from 1. her neighb'ring Shrine.
 The Grotto, conscious of the happy Flame,
 From this auspicious Deed derives its Name.

Here future Lovers, when in Troops they come,
Venus, to visit thy distinguish'd Dome,
 As thro' the consecrated Shade they pass,
 Shall offer to the Genius of the Place.

Shift now the cloſer Scene; and view around,
 With various Beauties the wide Landſkip crown'd.
 Here level Glades extend their length'ning Lines,
 There in juſt Order the deep Quincunx ſhines.
 Here chryſtal Lakes reflect contiguous Shades,
 There diſtant Hills uplift their azure Heads.
 Round the free 1. Lawn here gadding Heifers ſtray,
 And friſking Lambs in ſportive Gambols play.
 There murmur to the Wind, Groves ever-green,
 And inter-mingled Buildings riſe between:
 The Sun declin'd with milder Glory burns,
 And the fair Piece with various Light adorns.
 Lo! in the Centre of this beauteous Scene,
 Glitters beneath her 2. Dome the Cyprian Queen:
 Not like to her, whom antient *Homer* prais'd,
 To whom a thouſand ſacred Altars blaz'd:

1. A large Field encompass'd with the Garden,
 of the Ionic Order, of the Venus of Medicis.

2. The Rotunda
 When

When simple Beauty was the only Charm,
 With which each tender Nymph and Swain grew
 But, yielding to the now prevailing Taste, [warm:
 In Gold, for modern Adoration, drest.
 For her the *Naiades*, in their watry Bed,
 Amid the level Green 3. a Mirror spread.
 Along whose sloping Banks the shelt'ring Wood,
 Defends from ruder Winds th' unruffled Flood.

Beyond, a sylvan 4. Theatre displays
 Its circling Bosom to the Noon-tide Rays.
 In Shade, o'er Shade, the sloping Ranks ascend,
 And tall Abeals the steep Gradation end.
 Here to the Sun the glossy Laurels shine,
 There wave the darker Honours of the Pine.

3. The Rotunda.
 4. The Queen's Theatre, with her Majesty's Statute.

High on a Pedestal, whose swelling Base,
 To Heav'n itself aspiring Columns raise,
 Shines the great Part'ner of *Augustus*' Bed,
 The guardian Goddess of the noble Shade.
 Beneath, in order rang'd on either Hand,
 Attendant Nymphs and Swains rejoicing stand.

But cou'd the Muse presume her lowly Pray'r
 Might win Attention from the Royal Ear,
 Here shou'd those princely Stars that dawning smile,
 With kindly lustre on *Britannia's* Isle,
 Fair Constellation! in one Blaze unite,
 Aiding with filial Beams their Mother's Light.
 Here should Imperial CAROLINE be seen,
 The glorious Rival of the 2. *Phrygian* Queen,

* *Cybele*, Mother of the Gods.

C

Who

Who 'mid the thousand Altars that around,
 Blaz'd in old *Rome's* Pantheon, high enthron'd,
 With Pride survey'd the venerable Dome,
 Fill'd with the heav'nly Off-spring of her Womb.

And see! where elevated far above,
 A 1. Column overlooks yon nodding Grove;
 On which, the Scene of Glory to compleat,
 Deck'd with the Ensigns of Imperial State,
 Stands the great Father, *George*, whose equal Sway
 With Joy *Britannia's* happy Realms obey.
 Thence round, he views the cultivated Plain,
 That smiling speaks the Blessings of his Reign.
 Thus, o'er their Planets radiant Suns preside,
 By Heav'n's fixt Laws their various Courses guide;

1. The King's Pillar and Statue.

And

And shedding round Benevolence divine,
Bless'd by depending Worlds, indulgent shine.

Deep in this close, umbrageous, wild recess,
Where the sweet Songsters of the feather'd Race,
Warble their native Music thro' the Shade;

1. A solitary Building hides its Head.

This peaceful Fabric, for Repose design'd,
Close Valves defend from penetrating Wind;
And the thick Under-wood's combining Boughs,
On every Side a verd'rous Wall compose,
Nigh, sound the quiv'ring Poplars in the Air,
Like falling Waters murm'ring from afar.
Here, where their quiet unmolested Reign
The Gods of Sleep and Solitude maintain;

1. The Sleeping Parlor.

C. 2

Whether

Whether soft Slumbers close thy languid Eyes,
 Or Thought be lost in pleasing Réveries,
 From yon sage 1. Motto learn thy self to spare,
 And bid adieu to unavailing Care.
 Let not the Censures of the Wise dismay;
 But where they own clear Reason leads the Way,
 Her pleasing Dictates uncontroll'd pursue,
 Thy Dreams may be as good as theirs, perhaps as true.

Forfaking now the Covert of the Maze,
 Along the broader Walk's more open Space,
 Pass we, on high a sylvan 2. Temple spreads
 Around the *Saxon* Gods, its hollow'd Shades.
 And rustic Obelisk's aerial Height,
 Burst in one sudden View upon the Sight.

1. Cum omnia sint in incerto save Tibi.

2. Gothic Temple.

Hail! Gods of our renown'd Fore-fathers, hail!
 Ador'd Protectors once of *England's* Weal.
 Gods, of a Nation, valiant, wise and free,
 Who conquer'd to establish Liberty!
 To whose auspicious Care *Britannia* owes
 Those Laws, on which she stands, by which she rose.
 Still may your Sons that noble Plan pursue,
 Of equal Government prescrib'd by you.
 Nor e'er indignant may you blush to see,
 The shame of your corrupted Progeny!

First radiant *Sunna* shews his beamy Head,
Mona to him, and scepter'd *Tiw* succeed;
Tiw, antient Monarch of remotest Fame,
 Who led from *Babel's* Tow'rs the *German* Name.

And

And warlike *Woden*, fam'd for martial Deeds,
 From whom great *Brunswic*'s noble Line proceeds,
 Dread *Thuner* see! on his Imperial Seat,
 With awful Majesty and kingly State
 Reclin'd! at his Command black Thunders roll,
 And Storms and fiery Tempests shake the Pole.
 With various Emblem next fair *Friga* charms,
 Array'd in Female *Stole* and manly Arms.
 Expressive Image of that double Soul,
 Prolific Spirit that informs the Whole;
 Whose genial Power throughout exerts its Sway,
 And Earth, and Sea, and Air, its Laws obey.
 Last of the Circle hoary *Seatern* stands;
 Instructive Emblems fill his mystic Hands.
 In this, a Wheel's revolving Orb declares
 The never-ending Round of rolling Years,

That

That holds a Vessel fill'd with fading Flowers
 And Fruits, collected by the ripening Hours.
 Be warn'd from hence, ye Fair Ones! to improve
 The transitory Minutes made for Love,
 E'er yet th' inexorable Hand of *Time*
 Robs of its bloomy Sweets your lovely Prime.
 Lo! *Nelson's* airy Seat, whose rising Sides,
 Obscuring Fir, and shining Laurel hides!
 Here in sweet Contrast Rural Scenes display'd
 Around their native wilder Beauties spread.
 The tufted Woodlands, where the Hunter's Horn
 Oft wakes with chearful Notes the drowzy Morn's
 The Brook that glitters in the Vale below,
 And all the rising Lawn's enlight'ned Brow,
 1. In lowly Huts adown whose shelving Side,
 From Storms secure the peaceful Hinds reside:

The spacious Park, within whose circling Pale,
 The bounding Deer at large imprison'd dwell;
 And feed in social Herds along the Glade,
 Or lonely seek the solitary Shade.
 Far o'er the level Green, in just array,
 Long Rows of Trees their adverse Fronts display.
 So when two Nations, fierce in Arms, prepare
 At one decisive Stroke to end the War,
 In seemly Order, e'er the Battle joins,
 The marshal'd Hosts extend their threat'ning Lines,
 And Files to Files oppos'd, await the Word,
 That gives a loose to the destroying Sword.

High on a Mount, amid a verdant Field,
 Where intermitted Lines wide opening yield;

Where

Where from their plenteous Urns the watry Gods
 Pour o'er the green Expanse their Limpid Floods,
 Behold the 1. *good old King* in Armour clad,
 Triumphant Wreaths his sacred Temples shade.
 And in his gracious Aspect shine exprest,
 The manly Beauties of his gentle Breast;
 His Mind, sincere, benevolent, and great,
 Nor aw'd by Danger, nor with Pow'r elate;
 For Valour much, but more for Justice known,
 Brave in the Field, and Good upon the Throne.

An 2. ample Arch, beneath whose spacious Round,
 The massy Valves on turning Hinges found,

1. Equestrian Statue of *George I.* at the Head of the Canal, with this Inscription,

In medio mihi Cæsar erit,
 Et viridi in Campo Signum de Mamore ponam,
 Propter Aquam. Virg.

2. The great Entrance into the Park, and approach to the House along the Garden Wall.

D

Opens

Opens its hospitable Bosom wide;
 Thro' which at large, the rolling Chariots glide.
 On swelling Bastions here 1. Two Buildings rise,
 (While far beneath the low-sunk Valley lies;
 Where, or in one broad Lake the Waters spread,
 Or draw their humid Trains along the Mead.)
 Of These, a Shelter from the scorching Rays,
 One in the Garden spreads its rustic Base:
 One in the Park, an habitable Frame,
 The Household *Lares*, and *Penates* Claim.

1. Two Buildings, called *Boycut Buildings*, on each side the Entrance.
 One in the Garden, the other in the Park; a House for the Gardiner.

F I N I S.



GEORGE BICKHAM,

ENGRAVER, in *May's-Buildings, Covent-Garden*;

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